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## **All that's left is to follow your NOSE**

by [Udunie](#)

### Summary

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If the omega got flustered, or started on how he wanted to be a stay-at-home parent, he would immediately know it was a lost cause. Just like with the first two.

"I plan to get into law enforcement," the boy answered without missing a beat, making Peter choke on his water.

"And how exactly are you planning to do that? Will you dazzle the college with your extensive knowledge of vegetable gardening?" he asked, maybe a bit meaner than he wanted. He didn't like to be caught off guard.

The omega leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms in front of his chest. There was a mulish angle to his chin as he regarded Peter.

"Well, Alpha Hale, I do know at least twelve ways to poison you while making it look like an unfortunate choice in seasoning, so there's that," he deadpanned.

Peter grinned, even as the realization hit him.

"I like you," he admitted, making the boy's eyes go round with surprise.

"You what?"

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Or the one where Talia takes it upon herself to register her notorious bachelor little brother with the National Omega Search Engine. Things go downhill from there. Then uphill.

## Author's Note:

Hi!

This is my contribution for Steter week 2015 (and I managed to finish it just in time, yay!)

I would like to dedicate this fic to two lovely ladies, Annie and Emma (who also doubled as my amazing little beta gremlin) I HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

Also, as a warning, there is a short discussion of abortion at the end of this fic, so, you know, just stop reading after all the fucking, if you want to avoid it!

ETA: and another warning that I forgot to add; at one point Stiles gets drugged (by unnamed characters) in the fic that results in him going to heat.

“Talia,” Peter started immediately as his sister picked up the call, “I got a letter from NOSE.”

The envelope was sitting in front of him with the block letters of the **National Omega Search Engine**, and that ridiculous, idiotic slogan; *All that's left is to follow your nose!*

He had a feeling that the only reason his sister wasn't shrieking into the phone was that she had to keep up the pretence of being a respectable Alpha - as the head of the Hale family should be.

“Holy shit! Peter! Peter, do you have a match already?!”

Peter huffed out an annoyed breath, his suspicions confirmed.

“Well, I wouldn’t know, as I haven’t opened it yet. I was hoping that there was some kind of a mix-up, since I haven’t actually registered with that glorified dating site,” he said. If he expected his sister to be cowed, he was sorely mistaken. Not like he actually expected such things.

“It’s an official government agency, Peter! For hell’s sake, registration is compulsory!” she bit back. Peter recognized that tone, that was Talia’s ‘offense is the best defence’ mode.

“Ah, yes. How could I forget that it’s compulsory! For unmated omegas over 18! Now, I admit to not being the best at self-reflection, but I think I would have noticed changing into a teenaged omega.”

He could practically hear Talia rolling her eyes.

“It’s also strongly recommended for Alphas,” she said finally, though Peter could hear that she lost some of her fire.

“Mh-hm... for Alphas over fifty who don’t have enough money to secure a match themselves.”

There was silence on the other end of the line for a second before his sister sighed.

“Well, the way you’re going, it’s not like you’re not heading in that direction, Peter. When was the last time you even went out with an omega?”

Peter raised an eyebrow, because seriously? She should know better than that.

“First of all, excuse me? I’m loaded as hell. Secondly? Don’t worry, dear, I go out with plenty of them,” he drawled, knowing that he was only making matters worse. But, it was Talia, he couldn’t possibly help himself.

“*Renting* one doesn’t count!” she snapped immediately, with a hint of a growl. “And anyway, they won’t just shove someone at you and order you to mate. NOSE just makes suggestions based on your blood-work and gives



you a chance to meet people you have a high potential with. The decision is still yours.”

“Do I want to know how they even got my blood-work?” Peter asked, massaging the bridge of his nose.

“Um. No, probably not.”

“Tell me, what did I do to deserve this? I’m being a good boy. I work for you - and I’m damned good at it, if I might add -, I’m your second in command, I go to have dinner at yours every Sunday...” Peter whined, not caring that he sounded like a petulant child.

“You are my brother, and I want you to be happy,” Talia replied simply, and there was enough real honesty in the words that he couldn’t find a retort. “Look, just give it a try? Everyone is worried about you.”

Now, that was just unfair. It made him sound like he was some hermit living in a hole. He did actually have an active social life; he had friends, a string of emancipated omegas he could call if needed. He was pretty content with his life, even if it didn’t necessarily match the usual Alpha role.

“I’m not promising anything,” he said finally. He knew his sister enough to bet that she wouldn’t let it go otherwise.

“Alright. Just, think about it,” Talia said before disconnecting, but Peter could still catch the triumph in her voice.

He hated his sister.

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Against his better judgement, he did make an appointment with NOSE. Apparently, they’ve found four omegas who passed the tests and had a high compatibility rating with him - as long as blood chemistry was concerned.

If bad came to worse, he could at least tell his sister that he tried. Not like he was actually trying to find someone. He was sick from just a thought of having a good little wife waiting for him every evening with dinner on the table and a *'how was your day, honey?'* Thank you, but no thank you.

He liked the bachelor life and couldn't imagine himself entertaining an airhead who could only count with the help of his or her fingers.

Peter only realized that he probably shouldn't have booked the interviews back to back when he was already sitting there, waiting for the third omega with a headache the size of Talia's ego, and an unopened manilla folder in front of him.

It seemed bizarre that he was given any and all information about the candidates, even before meeting them. There was a short CV - he suspected that it wasn't written by the actual omegas themselves -, school reports, medical files, family history, financial evaluations... just. Everything.

Not for the first time in his life, Peter was grateful that he was born an Alpha. From the first two interviews it was clear that the omegas were given zero information about him, and - even though he never considered himself to be a particularly ethical person - it seemed pretty fucked up.

He knew that life for omegas was hard. Hell, his nephew, Derek, was one himself, but Talia and the family always made sure that he was treated like an actual human being. Derek, naturally, wasn't registered with the NOSE. Basically since the moment he presented his mother held regular 'parties' that allowed the boy to mingle with appropriate Alphas until one of them actually stuck. Breaden was a good match for Derek, and they were mated just a few months before the omega's eighteenth birthday.

These poor fuckers weren't so lucky. From what he gathered one of them was handed over to social services as soon as she presented and the other was homeschooled and basically had been hermetically separated from the real world until getting registered with the NOSE.

Not the best conversationalists, those two.

Peter opened the file of the third omega, eyebrows climbing up his forehead as he looked at the name. Well, he would just stick with Stilinski, he didn't think they would get to first names anyway.

The boy didn't seem any different from the other two in school reports - straight A-s in all the monstrosities that they called 'education' for omegas; cooking, housekeeping, childcare, botanics, remedial massage... There was only one B, handicraft. The boy had apparently chosen Tai-chi over yoga for PE and... Well, that was interesting. Drums for the compulsory music class. He remembered that the first two had the more traditional harp and piano.

He looked over the CV. The boy presented at nine - early, probably in response to the loss of his mother. The father was a small town cop, who did actually made arrangements for mating, but when he died and the young Alpha's family found out that they would have to take an ongoing mortgage along with a sixteen year old omega, they backed out, leaving the Stilinski boy in the - not so gentle - hands of social services.

Another sob story then.

Peter was just closing the file when the door opened, and the sour looking administrator ushered in the next candidate. The boy was tall - for an omega -, all long limbs and fragile looking, restless fingers. He had a cluster of beauty marks dotting his pale skin, and pink, mobile lips.

Peter had to admit that he liked the sight.

"Sorry for the wait, Mr Hale," the administrator - Harris, if he remembered right - said, giving a small shove to the omega's shoulder.

The boy didn't seem to care, just plastered a slightly forced smile on his face and sat down opposite him. A second later the door closed, leaving them alone.

Peter poured himself a glass of water, noting with slight irritation, that no one prepared any for the omegas.

He hoped to get this over with as soon as possible, so he didn't waste time on pleasantries.

"So, Mr. Stilinski, what are your plans for the future?"

If the omega got flustered, or started on how he wanted to be a stay-at-home parent, he would immediately know it was a lost cause. Just like with the first two.

"I plan to get into law enforcement," the boy answered without missing a beat, making Peter choke on his water.

"And how exactly are you planning to do that? Will you dazzle the college with your extensive knowledge of vegetable gardening?" he asked, maybe a bit meaner than he wanted. He didn't like to be caught off guard.

The omega leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms in front of his chest. There was a mullish angle to his chin as he regarded Peter.

"Well, *Alpha Hale*, I do know at least twelve ways to poison you while making it look like an unfortunate choice in seasoning, so there's that," he deadpanned.

Peter grinned, even as the realization hit him.

"I like you," he admitted, making the boy's eyes go round with surprise.

"You *what*?"

"I like you," Peter repeated, just to taste the words on his tongue. It was pretty unusual for him to find someone so interesting, he was generally bored by most people - regardless of their dynamic. "But you have to know that there's no armed force that accepts omegas."

The boy actually rolled his eyes.

"Duh. There's only two ways I can get around that, well, just a few months ago there was three," he said, waving his hands in the air as he explained.

"There's IT, but those guys rarely actually do fieldwork. Or there was pathology, but since the new legislation in april, omegas can't get that qualification in California. The only thing left is criminalistics. So, that's what I want."

Peter looked at the boy for a moment, unable to shake of the impression that if anyone could pull it off, he would. But, life wasn't that easy.

"I don't think that's one of the omega approved orientations," he pointed out, just to see how the omega would react.

The boy huffed out an annoyed breath, but his shoulders weren't dropping, if anything, his back straightened out even more.

"Yes, well. Not much *is*. Except for nurse work, child care, culinary arts or interior design. And that's why I need an Alpha who will be willing to sign all the fucking special permissions that would allow me to even apply for the courses I want," he said, looking right into Peter's eyes, almost like a challenge.

Peter could feel something shifting inside him, like an animal waking from slumber. He couldn't help taking in a deep breath, analyzing the omega's scent in detail.

Wet earth, copper, a hint of lemon.

Not a combination that would look good written on paper, but somehow it all worked in his nose. It definitely wasn't something that would catch his attention from miles away, but - thank god - not the cloying cinnamon and vanilla that so many omegas carried either.

"You seem like an intelligent individual,... I'm sorry, but is there anything I can call you that doesn't look like someone wrote a spell for blood magic in a dead language?" Peter asked, nudging the folder towards the boy and tapping his fingers on that horrendous first name.

The omega's lips twitched.

“I run by Stiles,” he said, leaning forward and planting his elbows on the table.

“Ah, that’s much more... manageable. So, Stiles, you look intelligent.” Peter could hardly believe that he was even considering this. But then he thought about Talia, and about their more conservative business partners talking him out behind his back whenever he arrived alone for company functions. As farfetched as it seemed, his instincts told him that it could work.

“I have a proposition for you.”

The boy was clearly interested, but Peter didn’t miss the shadow of suspicion lurking in his eyes. Smart. He did really like the kid.

“The only reason I’m here is because my nagging sister wouldn’t let me continue my - perfectly satisfying - bachelor life. She’s the family Alpha, you see, so unfortunately I can’t outmaneuver her for long.”

Stiles nodded for him to continue, not fazed by the implication that his intentions weren’t exactly honest. Good.

“So, here’s my offer: I will give you all the support and funding to get that criminalistics degree you want - and even after that, my permission to take any job you want that you’re qualified for.”

The omega was watching him like a hawk. Peter already knew that his plan was going to work, but he decided to add one more drop of honey.

“If you do your part well, I can even get you a special permit to carry a gun, and I bet you know that doesn’t come easily for omegas,” he said. Actually, he had a few favors that he could cash in, it wouldn’t even be that hard.

Peter was pretty sure that Stiles didn’t notice that his mouth fell slightly open. Instead of making him look like an idiot, Peter found it oddly charming.

“In exchange, you will act like my perfect little mate, at least publicly;

accompanying me to dinners both for work and for family gatherings, parties, whatever. You will not object to me continuing to see other people, or do whatever I want, really - the same way I won't object to your personal life. Actually, I think you could look at this as a business arrangement."

Stiles closed his mouth, licking his lips unconsciously before talking.

"I have conditions: I'm not a maid. I will do the cooking, because I actually enjoy that, but nothing else. And, more importantly, I don't want children, not in the foreseeable future," he said finally, carefully gauging the Alpha's reaction.

Peter nodded. That wasn't going to be a problem.

"I rarely eat at home, so cook whatever you want, and I have cleaners coming in twice a week. Considering children; you will keep to your suppressants, and I will take my ruts out of the city," Peter agreed.

"Preferably to Mali," he added with a grin.

Stiles looked at him seriously for a long moment, before his mouth pulled into a sharp smile.

"Deal."

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Peter grabbed Stiles' arm when they got to the door.

"If you mess this up, I'm sending you right back to the NOSE," he said, calmer than he felt. He knew that the boy was jittery about his big 'debut' but if they were found out he would have a lot of groveling to do, and he wasn't fond of that particular activity.

Stiles looked him straight in the eyes as he slowly but firmly pulled out of his hold.

“Don’t worry, *dear*. I got this,” he said with a perfect poker face, even though Peter could see that he was paler than usual.

He’d only been living with Stiles for two days, but the ironclad determination was already familiar. There were countless differences between them, but that touch of ruthlessness? That was common ground.

Peter nodded, feeling some of his own nerves settle, and knocked.

The smile he flashed at his nephew when Derek opened the door was honest, mostly. Part of it was real affection towards his nephew, and the other was anticipation - because whatever the outcome, this was going to be a hell of a show.

“You’re late again, Uncle... Peter?”

He could practically see Derek digesting the situation - namely, that his favorite - well, only - bachelor uncle came to ‘The Sacred Sunday Dinner’ with an omega. An omega who was holding a tray of cookies.

“Sorry about that. But I brought a surprise: Derek, meet my mate, Stiles,” he said, without missing a beat. His nephew wasn’t the one they had to worry about; right on cue, Derek’s face softened and suddenly Peter knew what Talia meant by ‘everybody’ being worried about him.

He almost felt bad about the charade. *Almost* - being the operative word.

“Hi,” Stiles said from beside him, making Peter nearly lose his composure from the tentative, shy tone that he never imagined could ever come from the sarcastic little shit he was slowly getting to know.

Yeah, this was going to be gold.

They were ushered inside and soon enough the whole family was standing around them. This was the real test.

Peter wasn’t even particularly worried about Talia - he knew how to work his sister since they were kids. No, the big question was Abel, her mate.



Abe was the head of the household, and he was much sharper than he appeared - Peter had to admit that he never quite managed to figure out how to play him.

Stiles' attention immediately zeroed in on the highest ranking omega - though he was subtle about it, since it would have been rude not to pay his respect to the Alphas first. But, after the first round of introductions were over, he stepped right up to Abe and offered the tray of cookies he baked in Peter's kitchen. Actually, it was probably the first time his oven was used.

"Um... I made these for dessert. Peter told me that the omegas usually prepare the meal together, but..." Stiles blushed and averted his eyes just long enough to make his discomfort noticeable. "I've never actually had the chance to cook for such a large family, and I don't want to ruin everything," he finished, shifting from one foot to the other, like a little kid.

And just like that, the Hale family was *sold*.

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Cohabiting with Stiles was... interesting. Peter was pretty sure that it was going to be a lot more annoying to share the penthouse with a stranger, but he had to admit to being wrong.

As soon as it became clear that he was holding to his end of the deal - which he gladly illustrated by disappearing to have a quick and dirty fuck on the third night he was living with Stiles, the boy lost some of his suspicion, he even ceased locking the guestroom at night.

Stiles had a lot of equivalency exams to take, thanks to never actually officially studying things that were needed for college, and he got to it with admirable enthusiasm. Peter wasn't shy about the money and bought every textbook the omega needed, until he got bored with the endless shopping lists and just had an additional credit card made for Stiles.

Exactly how he wanted, he didn't get a timid little housewife. Instead he usually got home to Stiles being spread out on the couch with countless books around him, seemingly reading three of them at the same time with two different colored highlighters sticking out from his mouth - on occasion, in the impression of a walrus. The omega took to having a pair of noise-cancelling headphones on, and wearing a t-shirt that had 'Don't bother me, Alpha scum' scrawled on the back with permanent marker. Peter was less and less irked by the blatant disrespect the more he was faced with it.

And usually, dinner was waiting in the oven. Peter was amazed by Stiles' skill in the kitchen. He ate in a lot of high-end restaurants, but the lamb stew the omega made knocked all of them off the podium. He had dinner alone, with a glass of wine matching the meal perfectly that Stiles put in the fridge for him.

Just like before he was mated, he watched a movie, or read a book in his favorite armchair afterwards.

If the movie was good enough - or bad enough -, Stiles would swipe the books off the couch and stretch out to watch it with him, screaming at the idiots deciding to 'split up' on the screen. Peter secretly found it hilarious.

Of course, appearances had to be kept, so their evening routine included swapping Peter's undershirt to whatever Stiles was wearing to work out in the home gym that day for each of them to sleep in.

The effects were perfect.

Talia, naturally, told everyone at Hale Consulting who cared to hear - and even the unfortunate souls who would have rather not - about his mating, and on the first week Peter got enough pats on the shoulder to last for a lifetime. It actually made some negotiations less tense, because some tended to see unmated Alphas as rivals, but with Peter smelling like Stiles it was easier to smooth the ruffled feathers.

He also found never ending joy in watching Stiles twist everyone around

his little finger at parties. The omega was amazing at making even the dumbest Alphas feel like they were the stars of the evening. He once saw him gazing in absolute amazement at Greenberg senior as the man explained him the difference between all-season and winter tires. Peter knew for a fact that Stiles had just read a four hundred page book about different tires and their tracks, in preparation to a course he was going to take for criminalistics.

On the way home from business functions, Stiles never failed to entertain him with a few choice parody pieces - his imitation of Greenberg was actually so spot on, that Peter almost had to pull over from laughing too hard.

Two months later, after Stiles had successfully taken his exams and Peter signed the ton of paperwork needed for him to major in the field he was interested in, they started eating dinner together.

The 'how was your day' question was never actually asked, but Peter often told him anyway. Stiles liked to hear about all the posh idiots - probably because he was a small-town kid, and never had to deal with the lot - and cackled with delight whenever he heard about Peter managing to manipulate a situation to fit his own agenda.

Stiles also warmed up to the other Hales. Peter wasn't even sure that the boy noticed it himself, but slowly he lost the fake charm, and started behaving a bit more like himself. Talia and the others thought it was the natural progression of someone fitting in and sometimes they would glance at Peter when Stiles wasn't looking, with 'you are one lucky bastard' clear in their eyes. He was starting to agree.

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Peter was actually having a nice day, planning his little vacation for his fast approaching rut. The only problem he had was that he seemed to be unable

to decide on who to take. He told himself that his uncharacteristic indecision was merely the result of the increased need for secrecy.

Then everything went to shit.

There were only a handful of people who called him on his private number, so when his phone started to ring with an unknown number on the screen, he was immediately apprehensive.

"Peter Hale."

"Mr Hale, this is Helen West from the university, I'm calling about your omega," the woman on the other end started, and the careful tone made the hairs stand up on Peter's back.

"Yes?"

"There has been an unfortunate... incident. Some of the other students decided to play a tasteless little joke..."

Peter knew that Stiles had trouble with his classmates; criminology was full of Alphas, and they didn't take kindly to an omega breaking into 'their' field. The boy never told him anything concrete though, just had a shitty mood sometimes after getting home, so he assumed that his mated status offered some protection. Apparently not.

"What?" He was already in the elevator, sending a quick text to Boyd on his other phone to get the car ready. If this was as bad as he suspected, he shouldn't be driving.

"Someone slipped him some Heat-A," the woman said, using the stricken silence from him to chirp on. "I can assure you, Mr Hale, it was just a silly prank..."

Peter took a deep breath, trying hard not to just break his phone.

"A *prank*? That's cute. But you know what? Considering that heat accelerators in general are illegal and that Heat-A in particular is known to

have caused fatal complications, I think I would rather call it attempted murder," he said, hearing a gasp from the end of the line. But he wasn't finished yet. "What's more, I will make sure that my lawyers will too, when they break down the door of your dean's office."

"Mr Hale, there's no need for such... extreme measures. We don't even know all the details, there might have been some kind of provocati..."

Peter got into the car, and decided that he needed to end this call before he resorted to snapping someone's neck.

"Please don't finish that sentence. All I want to know, is where my mate is," he bit out, not even trying to suppress the growl in his voice.

"In the university medical center," the woman admitted. She tried to continue placating him, but Peter already disconnected.

He spent the ride on the phone, first talking to his sister, then to his law firm. He wasn't one for empty threats.

And it was a good way to avoid thinking; he hated the feeling of helplessness.

Peter tried to reason with himself; even though the complications associated with Heat-A were well known, they weren't actually that common. The possibility of Stiles experiencing lasting damage was slim, most likely he would just have a sudden, intense heat.

Shit.

Boyd - being the stellar employee he was - stopped right in front of the medical building, and Peter was out of the car before he even finished parking. People kept jumping out of his way, nobody wanting to get into the path of a clearly enraged Alpha, until he was finally stopped by a nurse - an omega, no less.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked. Peter couldn't help glancing at her nametag - Melissa - he liked to keep track of people with potential.

“I was called by the administration. My mate has been drugged,” he said, and she immediately nodded in recognition. Her calmness was infectious.

“Follow me,” she said, turning on her heel. They were headed down the corridor towards the stairs. Usually medical institution had emergency safe-rooms in the basement in case of an unexpected heat or rut.

“He’s been taking it well, so far. We ran some quick tests and it seems he didn’t get a full dose - that’s good news for potential complications, but seeing that his last heat was... quite long ago, he still had a strong reaction.”

For the first time, Peter actually regretted not reading through Stiles’ medical files. The boy said he had no chronic illness, and it was enough for him. Now, unfortunately, everyone assumed he was aware of it as his fucking Alpha. What did quite long ago mean, anyway?

The basement was dimly lit, and the atmosphere did nothing to calm Peter down, but soon enough they were in front of a thick, metal door. Without further comment, Melissa opened it with a keycard.

He was prepared to see Stiles lying in a hospital bed, only clad in a thin gown. He was prepared for him to be curled up tight, like he was in pain - face flushed with heat. Actually, he was prepared for a lot worse.

What he wasn’t prepared for was the *smell*.

Peter swayed in place, catching himself on the doorframe in the last minute. By now, Stiles’ earth-copper-lemon scent was familiar; after spending every night enveloped in it for the last months he knew it as well as his own. But right now? The copper was overpowering - it wasn’t exactly like the smell of fresh blood, still, it was rich and heavy on his tongue, telling him to squeeze his teeth around it and just *bite*.

The boy opened his eyes, sensing his arrival, and moaned, high and pitiful. The sound simultaneously twisted into Peter’s belly like a hook and made

his blood rush to his cock.

He never had a reaction like this - not even to other omegas in heat - and it almost scared him, but when he saw Stiles trying to struggle up to get to him, his body jerked into motion, and he was sitting on the edge of the narrow bed in a second.

“Peter...”

“I’m here, I’m here,” he said in a hushed voice, grabbing the boy’s hand in his own. The smell was even stronger up close, but he tried to fight down his urges. He might not have been an upstanding human being, but even he knew that his needs weren’t the priority right now. “What do you need?”

He tried thinking about their options. If Stiles wanted to get through it on his own, he could stay here. But, Heat-A was notorious for making everything worse unless the heat was concluded in the ‘natural’ way. It might be dangerous.

He could get a different Alpha for him, as much as his insides screamed in objection at the mere thought, he could get a professional. He had contacts...

Stiles licked his lips before squeezing his eyes tightly shut. His whole body was shivering and it seemed like he had trouble talking.

“I want... I need... you. In me,” he stuttered out finally, making Peter freeze. The boy must have taken his silence the wrong way, because he shuffled closer, a moan tearing out of him when he managed to curl up against his hip.

“Please. Peter... Please, I’m scared, I need you...”

That was all he needed to hear, actually, hearing Stiles begging - his proud, iron willed Stiles - was probably the worst thing he ever experienced. His own mind was going foggy too, enough that he almost snarled at Melissa, when the nurse stopped him.

"Wait," she told him quickly, grabbing a blanket from the bed and wrapping it around the boy's body. Peter nodded his thanks, not sure he would be able to speak.

The trip to the car, and even the drive to his apartment was swallowed up in a daze, filled with the intoxicating scent of the omega in his lap, and the odour of the thick slick that slowly, but surely soaked through both the blanket and the legs of Peter's pants.

The next thing he could clearly remember was depositing the boy in his bed and getting rid of both of their clothes.

He was pretty sure he managed to tear something.

Stiles - who had been worryingly quiet on the way - seemed to find his voice again as soon as he felt Peter's sheets on his naked skin, and started making these small, desperate noises.

Peter couldn't help stopping for a second, and just looking.

The boy was absolutely beautiful. He knew that before, of course, but seeing him now, with his skin flushed all the way to his chest and his muscles trembling from arousal he was almost otherworldly.

"Peter? Peter... come on," the omega whispered, reaching behind his back to start fingering himself. The smell of his slick grew stronger, filling the room.

He was on Stiles in a second, gently but firmly pushing his hand out of the way and replacing it with his own fingers.

Peter couldn't help moaning in unison with his boy as he felt that silky, wet hole clenching down around him. Stiles was already loose and so hot - his body getting ready to be knotted by an Alpha.

The omega whined, back arching off the bed. "Need you, need you, need you..."



"Shh... you'll get me, baby. Just a little bit more. I want to make sure you're ready," he said, pulling his fingers out and getting a hold of Stiles' hips to turn him to his stomach.

The boy moaned as his cock made contact with the sheets, even though he couldn't come with only penile stimulation while he was in heat. Peter pulled him up to his knees and didn't waste time parting his lovely, firm cheeks. He could feel his own dick twitch at the sight of that pink, glistening hole blinking at him, like a tiny mouth begging to suck his knot inside.

He'd been with enough omegas in heat to know that Stiles still needed a bit more to open completely - whatever Talia thought of his lifestyle, the experience under his belt came in handy right now.

He leaned down, mouth already watering, and wormed his tongue inside. He held Stiles' hips tightly, expecting the way his body jerked at the sensation, followed by a sob.

"P... Peter, ah, shit, f-fuck."

He smiled, and wiggled his tongue around, mixing lapping at the opening with thrusting inside to taste the omega's walls.

Peter kept it up until his jaw started hurting. By the time he pulled back, Stiles was crying from pleasure and frustration, clawing at the pillows.

"Almost there, baby, just hold on a little longer for me," he said, voice scratchy from holding himself back. Maybe with someone else, he would have already plunged in, but not now...

Not with Stiles.

He kept the boy's cheeks apart with one hand, and started to tap the omega's hole with three of his fingers. He watched the strength of it, keeping the hits from actually hurting, but doing it hard enough to make that pink little opening feel it.

Stiles couldn't stop moaning; the sound mixed beautifully with the slaps of

the gentle spanking. Peter didn't think he ever heard music more beautiful.

"That's it, baby, we need to get your pretty ass-pussy nice and sloppy," he murmured, mostly to himself. Thankfully, Stiles seemed to like his filthy mouth, if the way he shuddered uncontrollably at the words was any indication.

It only took a couple of minutes for Stiles' hole to bloom into a harsher, deeper red, the muscles relaxing enough to not close completely and drooling slick so much that it dripped down his crack. It looked almost painful, but Peter knew that this was exactly how it was supposed to look when an omega was finally ripe and ready to accept a knot.

Stiles was reduced to panting into the pillow, eyes closed in absolute bliss, but when he felt the tip of Peter's cock against his entrance, he reached back, trying to stop him.

Peter froze. He wasn't sure he would be able to keep himself back for long, though.

"Stiles?"

The boy had to take a minute to find his voice, gasping in air like he ran a marathon.

"Can... on my back..." he managed to say finally. Peter let out a long breath, and obeyed, flipping the omega to his back, taking position between his parted thighs immediately.

"Good?"

Stiles nodded, biting his lips. Peter didn't like the look in his eyes.

"Stiles, what is it? Come on, this is definitely not the time to hold back. As soon as I'm inside, you probably won't be coherent for a while." He wasn't even bragging - the heat would make Stiles unable to think about anything but the cock fucking his hole.

"I... I haven't, I mean, I have, but..." Stiles tried to cover his face with uncoordinated hands, but instead only managing to smack himself. Peter couldn't help snorting, but at least it was enough for the omega to get his thoughts in order.

"I haven't been with anyone during heat," he spit out finally, making Peter raise an eyebrow.

"Are you saying I will be the very first person to knot you? Because I fail to see the problem," he said, trying to keep his voice casual as the fire in his body kicked up another notch.

"No, I mean, yes, but..." the boy said, shifting on the bed, hands clenching around empty air - like they had no idea what to do. "I just, I haven't had a heat since I was twelve."

Peter wondered if now would be a good time to have an aneurysm.

"What do you mean...? *Stiles*."

Peter closed his eyes, brushing the hair back from his brow in irritation. It was basic fucking common sense. Even if someone was on suppressants, you were supposed to stop at least once every two years; it was proven that there could be serious long term health risks if heats were neglected for too long. He couldn't believe that Stiles, his bright, ingenious Stiles, could be this dumb.

"Look, it's... It's not a big deal," the boy said, voice tinted with desperation. "I just... It was never the right time."

Peter breathed deeply, and counted to ten, reminding himself that it wasn't something he could fix. When he opened his eyes again he looked at the omega, trying to take in every detail: the uncertainty in his eyes, the way his lips were bitten red, face blotchy with a blush but somehow still pale underneath.

Stiles was scared.

And just like that, Peter's annoyance evaporated. Oh, he would absolutely start a shouting match about this later, but right now? Right now he was the Alpha, and if he was good at anything, it was keeping a calm head and taking charge.

"You're an idiot," he said, planting his hands beside the boy's head as he bent down to look into his eyes. Stiles looked away, almost like he did when he was playing coy with Peter's family, except the discomfort was completely real this time. "But you're my idiot, and I'm going to take care of you," Peter finished, closing the distance between them and kissing the boy for the first time.

Stiles moaned into his mouth, opening up for him almost immediately, like he was waiting for this for a long time. It obviously wasn't his first time kissing someone, but there was still something so uniquely 'Stiles' about the way he pulled too strongly on Peter's hair, or how his tongue just didn't know when to stop and surrender that it made the Alpha's heartbeat pick up.

Just like he planned, when they parted for breath Stiles's eyes were glazed over, hands clutching at his shoulders like he would drown without holding onto Peter. As much as he was confident in his own skills, he knew it also had to do with the Alpha pheromones in his saliva.

He smiled, reaching down to line himself up with the omega's hole.

"That's it, sweetheart. I'm going to fuck you nice and hard, you just relax," he said, even though he wasn't sure he was heard.

There was barely any resistance as he slid in, Stiles swallowing his length easily. The feeling was still out of this world, for the both of them. The omega whined, long and high, his neck arching beautifully, baring the pale, vulnerable skin to Peter. He couldn't resist such a blatant invitation, and bit down on Stiles' throat - careful not to draw blood, but strong enough to leave a pattern of purple bruises in the shape of his teeth.

When his hips finally started moving, Stiles dug his fingernails into his

back, clawing at him mindlessly as his ankles locked behind Peter. It was good. The bite of the pain did nothing to hold him back, in fact, it just made his thrust stronger, driving his cock deeper into the boy's ass.

He tried keeping his head cool, but it was hard. The exquisite sensation of the velvety walls surrounding him and - strangely enough - the knowledge that it was Stiles under him was having a stronger effect than he thought possible.

Even with his experience and stamina, all too soon he could feel that tight, burning sensation at the base of his cock that announced the forming of his knot. Usually, he would have liked to wait a bit more, but Stiles was already deep enough in his heat to take it. So, instead of trying to stop for a minute to curb the urge, he lowered himself to his elbows, completely covering the boy's body with his own, and let himself go, rutting into the willing hole without control.

Stiles haven't stopped making noises - whining and moaning and crying out every time he bottomed out, and the sound of it so close to his ear just drove Peter wilder. He had to worm his hands under the boy's back and grab his shoulders in order to keep him from banging into the headboard.

"So good, baby. I'm going to put my knot in you," he promised, already feeling the quickly growing bulge catching on Stiles' rim. The boy did too, his breathing grew fast, and the only thing coming out of his mouth was a desperate litany of oh-oh-oh.

Peter knew that he could just push inside the farthest he could and wait for his knot to fill inside the boy, but he also knew that with heats as intense as this one, it was better to keep fucking until the last minute, only stopping when his knot was almost fully formed. He had to make the omega's body really feel what was happening in order for it to produce the right hormones that would make this as easy on Stiles as possible.

He did just that, collecting the last morsels of his sanity to control his hips; to put that little extra push behind them whenever the thickest part of his cock was about to enter, careful, but relentless.

Peter knew he was a big boy. His cock wasn't anything to frown at, but his knot? His knot was huge, enough to make even professional omegas cry in the best way. He never had any doubt that Stiles would be able to take him - with enough preparation - but the way his boy opened up, even when he obviously had to struggle to do it was making him incredibly proud. The last push inside was the hardest; his knot was the size of a fist and still not completely full. Stiles opened his mouth panting heavily as soon as he felt the thickest part stretching his poor, oversensitive rim, his body instinctively tensing up. Peter got his hands under himself in order to get more purchase.

"Shh, it's okay, baby. It's okay, my sweet baby boy, just relax and let me in," Peter coaxed, before clenching his teeth in concentration as he fought against the resistance.

Stiles stared at him, with eyes blown wide, his fingers spasming aimlessly, before he took a shaky breath and bore down. There were tears running down his cheeks, but when finally, finally Peter's knot popped into place he screamed, and Peter could feel the boy's cock spurt out a string of come between their bodies.

"Yes. Yeah, that's it, baby. That's how a sweet little omega comes, just from having a fat knot lodged into his filthy, drooling ass-pussy..." Peter said, falling back to his elbows and nuzzling against Stiles's temple. He didn't even care that apparently he completely lost control over his mouth with Stiles clenched tight around him.

The boy whined at the words, body still jerking with the aftershocks of his orgasm.

Peter knew that the best part, for both of them, was only about to start - the fact that Stiles just came only delayed it for a short time.

He was right, as soon as the omega caught his breath Peter could feel the first contraction, unbelievably strong, nearly violent as it squeezed down on his cock.

Stiles gasped in surprise, fingernails digging deep lines into Alpha's shoulder.

"Wh... wh... wha... I'm cr-cramping?" he couldn't even get the words out, only a second after his muscles relaxed they did it again, taking his breath away.

Peter could hear the panic in his voice, so he tried to waddle through the absolute ecstasy he was experiencing, and cupped the boy's face.

"It's fine, you're fine, baby. It's not a cramp, you're... ah, shit... okay," he murmured, just as the next wave hit and his eyes rolled back to his head from the way the omega's body clenched and fucking twisted around his knot.

Stiles whined, jerking with the force of it.

"Try to relax, baby boy. Your wicked, hungry little pussy is trying to milk me... Just... Sweetheart, I know it's scary, but you have to try to ride it out. It will be worth it, I promise," he murmured. It was hard to encourage someone when he was completely overwhelmed himself.

He didn't think he was very convincing, but when the next contraction came, he could feel Stiles taking a deep breath and actually trying. He pressed a deep, bruising kiss into the boy's neck as a reward.

"That's my sweet little boy, so good for me. Let your body do what it needs to..."

It wasn't hard to notice when Stiles succeeded. Peter knew exactly what was happening; as soon as the omega stopped fighting his own muscles and they were able to do what they were supposed to, every time his channel tightened and screwed around Peter's knot, it also grinded Stiles prostate against it. It took about two minutes for the boy to come again, choking on his own saliva from the intensity of it. And then again.

The way he spasmed from the waves of pleasure just fed Peter's own, and

soon enough, he reached the peak to, his cock starting to shoot a thick load of come into the omega's hole, and adding a new one every time his knot was squeezed.

Peter stopped thinking for while, letting himself be swept away. He was aware that Stiles' dick went soft between their stomachs, but he knew that that didn't mean his boy stopped coming. Omega's were able to experience a string of orgasm when they were milking an Alpha, for some, it could last for up to an hour.

Peter had no idea how long their knotting lasted, but it was a long while before he managed to gather his wits around him. Stiles was sleeping - or possibly unconscious - and his hole finally relaxed enough for the Alpha to slip free.

Peter dipped two fingers into the boy's ass, stopping - even if only for a few seconds - the gratous amount of come from oozing out. He had no idea what this whole thing meant for them, for what they've built in the last few months, but he was selfish enough to admit, that he was unbelievably happy that he did this, that he pumped Stiles full of his come.

The boy moaned, shifting on the bed.

Peter went to find something to drink, it was going to be a long few days - they needed to stay hydrated.

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Usually, drug induced heats lasted for a relatively short one or two days. Stiles' lasted for nine.

Well, to be fair, somewhere on the second night Peter went into a rut in answer to all the omega pheromones, which in turn triggered a second, and this time, natural heat in Stiles.



It was a damn long time though.

As much as he hated to admit it, Peter kind of hoped that they were having their last knotting for now. Regardless of the fact that he was starting to feel like his dick was going to fall off from overuse, they also probably would have starved to death around the halfway mark if some kind soul - probably Derek - haven't came in to the penthouse to leave a basket of food in front of the bedroom door. Peter didn't even mind that he almost broke his neck because of it.

He was spooned behind Stiles, his knot still firmly nestled inside the boy, but they were over with the chain-orgasms and coming-for-hours part of the heat. The omega was quiet. Peter would have thought that he was asleep if not for the delicate fingers dancing on the arm he had thrown around Stiles' middle.

Naturally, they didn't exactly have time to talk out things, but it was undeniable that there was something between - something, that was possibly always there, even before this clusterfuck - that grew steadily stronger. Peter was kind of scared, but couldn't deny that it felt like something good.

"So..." Stiles started, clearing his throat. It was scratchy from disuse, even though he did quite a bit of screaming and begging.

"What is it, baby?" Peter asked, the endearment slipping out almost naturally by now. The omega squeezed his wrist before continuing.

"So, what if I'm... pregnant?"

Now, that got Peter's attention.

"Isn't your suppressants supposed to act like birth control?" he asked with a frown. It would have been hard to remember always using condoms during heat - especially with him going into rut too - but he was operating under the impression that they were safe.

“Well, duh. But considering that Heat-A kicked it to the curb, I... I mean, I haven’t looked into it, but it seems logical that... the other effects would be nulled too,” Stiles explained quietly.

Peter didn’t like Stiles being quiet.

“Depends. What do you want to do, if you’re pregnant?” he asked carefully. He knew that Stiles didn’t want children. Not yet. They’ve talked about it, but he didn’t know if things changed since then.

“I don’t exactly have a choice,” the omega spit out, the bitterness in his tone slapping the Alpha in the face.

He worked his brain for a moment, unconsciously holding the boy closer.

“You could always have an abortion?” He wasn’t one hundred percent certain about the current laws, he never really expected to be in this situation.

Stiles chuckled, but there was no joy in his voice.

“Actually, I can’t. Not even with your permission.”

They were silent for a few long moments.

“Okay, so not in America. Is there anywhere else?” Peter asked.

Stiles actually jerked with surprise, making both of them shudder as his ass clenched down on his knot.

“Yeah? But, like. In Switzerland, or something,” Stiles answered hesitantly.

Peter bent down and pressed a kiss to the back of his neck.

“Alright then, baby, if you’re pregnant and want an abortion, I will fly you to Switzerland.”

He could hear Stiles swallow.

“And... what if I want to keep it?”

Peter closed his eyes, trying to imagine being a father. He didn't succeed, but to his astonishment, the thought didn't fill him with the horror it would have a few months ago.

“Then you will be the very first omega in history to not only get a degree in Criminology, but also do it while having a child,” he said with absolute certainty.

“Thank you,” Stiles said quietly, fitting their fingers together and brushing his thumb against Peter's pulse. “But now, I think I'm going to have a nap. So, try not to disturb me with that monster knot, *Alpha scum!*” the boy murmured, stifling a yawn.

Peter smiled, curling closer. Whatever the future held, they would be okay.

Author's Note:

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